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IN VACATION.

Beating the Wife.—"I hear he has been beating his wife up lately."

"The brute! Why don't they jail him?"

"Oh, I mean he has been getting up first and cooking the breakfast in the morning."—*American Legion Weekly*.

Best Policy.—Lawyer—"Now be perfectly frank with me. Are you innocent or guilty?"

Client—"I am guilty."

Lawyer—"Ah, an honest man! I shall be able to acquit you."
—*American Legion Weekly*.

Legal Advice.—"A cat sits on my fence every night and makes the night hideous with his infernal row. Now, I don't want to have any bother with my neighbor, but this nuisance has gone far enough, and I want you to advise me what to do."

The young lawyer looked as solemn as an owl and answered not a word.

"I have a right to shoot that cat, haven't I?"

"I would hardly say that," replied the young lawyer. The cat does not belong to you, as I understand."

"No, but the fence does."

"Ah!" exclaimed the light of the law, "then I think you have a perfect right to tear down the fence!"

Poor Fish.—Senator Hiram Johnson was praising, at a dinner in Washington, the beauties of his native State.

"And our fish!" he exclaimed. "If you could see our jeweled fish swimming in the pellucid California water among the pink, the green and the cream-colored corals. Why, we actually have in California fish that blush."

Sentar Johnson smiled.

"Of course, it's no wonder they blush," he added, "considering the abbreviated bathing suits that some of our California girls wear"—*Los Angeles Times*.

Time Tested Character.—An Irishman charged with a petty offense was being tried when the judge asked: "Have you any one in court who will vouch for your good character?" "Yis, your Honor," quickly responded the Celt, "there's the sheriff there." Whereupon the sheriff evinced signs of amazement. "Why, your Honor" he declared, "I don't even know the man." "See, your Honor," said the Irishman triumphantly, see I've lived in the county for twelve years and the sheriff doesn't know me! Ain't that a character for ye?"